

The History of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Cosin; I thinke thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I heare
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.

Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to doe,
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perswasion.

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent forbearing them is just

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace,

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, only this,
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let us all imbrace,

For

Henry the Fourth.

For heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time doe such a courtesie.

*Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with
his power, alarum to the battell: then enter Dowglas, and Sir
Walter Blunt.*

Blu. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou crossiest me?
What honour dost thou seeke upon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight; Dowglas kills Blunt; then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*! hadst thou fought at *Holmesdon* thus,
I never had triumpht over a *Scot*.

Dow. Al's done, al's won, here breathlesse lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah fooole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates:
I'll murder all his Wardrop, piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Alarum; Enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the
shot heere: heere's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft, who are
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanity.

K

I